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LET YOUR PAPER FOLLOW YOU.

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Texas Innovations.

The Austin Statesman is a newspaper, not Senator Bailey, of Texas. But the conversion of Mr. Bailey to the custom of wearing evening clothes upon appropriate occasions has evoked a train of aesthetic consequences. The Statesman (again the newspaper) has adopted as a part of its editorial policy the advocacy of the use of individual towels. It maintains with much force of both assertion and argument that the era has arrived in the development of civilization in the Lone Star State when the "roller towel" has become obsolete, not to say effete. It advocates individual towels, not merely for sanitary reasons, but upon the ground of refinement.

For the enlightenment of those not intimate with some of the honored institutions of Texas it may be explained that the "roller towel" is a term of architecture used to define a piece of fabric in the form of an endless chain permanently attached to the building of which it is a part, although not necessarily a decoration. It may take time to educate some of the citizens of Texas up to the substitution of the individual towel for the time-honored roller, but now that the crusade has begun, it should receive every encouragement. It is but the harbinger of other reforms. In time the bowtie will disappear as an instrument of varied but pacific use in the dining-room. Another step forward will be the introduction of napkins, and in due sequence the fork may make its advent upon the table. The Austin journal of civilization need not view the prospect with alarm. These innovations will not imperil liberty, nor are they signs that the republic is in danger. The pursuit of happiness will receive added impulse near the Rio Grande.

Studied Indifference.

Having passed the giddy age, we are glad to learn that out in Chicago a class has been formed to teach young girls how to behave toward men—that is, young girls who have to work to keep ahead of their meal tickets. The qualification is hardly necessary, since we have never heard of similar instructions to any other sort of girls.

This school gives diplomas in several departments, known as: How to treat a street car conductor, how to treat an elevator starter, how to act in the presence of a handsome floorwalker, how to conduct oneself toward a man so lacking in understanding as to advertise for a "bright girl," and how to cut an employer socially without losing one's job. The curriculum has already been survived by twelve girls, but they were graduated so recently that the record of cut employers and crimped floorwalkers has not yet been compiled. Undoubtedly when the casualties are reported they will make a gawdarn list.

Apparently the male defendants in this case have no competent come-back. Girls have always had the cocktail faculty of raising a frost on the outside with a little shaking. But if they are really going to get together this way and compare notes and arrive at a concerted plan of action, what are the men going to do about it? If there is any answer at all, it must be this: They must form a protective association for the side-stepping of social cuts and crimps. They, too, must meet and discuss the situation honestly and craftily if they would survive the undertow of feminine acidity.

For instance, the street car conductor must have some jolly, mirth-provoking rejoinder handy when he leans over the shoulder of a girl with ink on her fingers and whispers, "Your hair shines like the dome of the Capitol at sunset," and she comes back with, "Wipe off your chin." The elevator boy who asks softly if his passenger with petticoats is going to room 657, when he knows she has been making that port for the last fourteen months, will have to have something under his tongue when he is told to get into long trousers before he gets gay with the airy persiflage. The well-fed employer will have to wear a stiff shirt to keep him from sinking into his waist line if the lady at the glove counter is going to stare at the bald spot on the top of his head when he slips the information to her that they have a fresh commitment of live lobsters over at Fordy's. And the handsome floorwalker will need something snappier than a wing collar

and flavicous vest if his languorous glances are to beat their wings on the cool white of an eye.  
The girls' class should be encouraged. So should the men's. When they are both running smoothly, they ought to get together, hold a dual meet, and see which can mix the best social frappe. When the snow has collected about three inches deep, the men will begin to feel that they are not as warm boys as they thought they were, and the girls will discover that there is not much to get hot about, after all. Then everybody will be happy, and we will not have to think that what Eve got in the Garden of Eden was a persimmon instead of a rosy-cheeked apple.

Starting Anew.

With nature, spring is the time for replenishment. The long periods of winter, when fields lie fallow, while trees stand denuded of their leaves, while the animals hibernate and lie dormant, nature is all the while preparing for her splendor. In the spring the earth is clothed with green, and the birds in their nests, the lambskins in the field, the grass, the trees, the flowers, all responding to nature's magic touch, justify her and sing her praises.

Not so with the works of mankind. The winter is a time for work. Civilization has ordained that man's hardest work is done in the winter. All through the months he toils and moils amid the strife and the struggle of business or the intricacies of professional endeavor. In the spring, man lifts up his head and scents the summer afar off. For an instant he feels in his veins the touch of nature's magic, and then comes the reaction, the lassitude which follows the long, weary months of labor.

In the summer, if he is fortunate, man plays. Whether his taste be for the country, the mountains, or the seashore, he looks forward eagerly to a short vacation, a relief from the cares and the anxieties of everyday existence. No matter how short his vacation may be, it is the time for rehabilitation—the time for renewing his energies. In the majority of instances, he returns from such a brief breathing spell anxious and willing again to take up his burden. It is then that he feels afresh the fire of ambition. Things that were left undone last year are planned anew. Matters that were deferred on account of the rush of business, or because of lack of inclination to start anything new in the spring, become enhanced with renewed glamour.

The end of summer, when all nature is making the final effort—the last spurt toward the culmination of the fruitful year, is the time for man to begin afresh. He has had his rest. He has learned his lessons of the preceding year. He starts again to build up his hopes, to reach the goal he has set his heart upon, to win out in the battle of life.  
"Tis glorious, this starting anew! It gets into the blood and makes men of action; it sharpens competition; it creates new interests; it formulates new ideals.

Vale, summer! Hall, autumn!

Matrimony Not a Trade.

The woman sociologist may achieve all the grace of a ministering angel when she extends her capacity for comfort to the hour of need. But when she undertakes to champion the cause of her own sex, she may rush in where her super-natural relatives might fear to tread. Here comes an Englishwoman who has achieved a book, which she entitles "Marriage as a Trade." She treats matrimony wholly as a means of support, as a necessity of livelihood. A husband is merely a means of subsistence, in her view, and matrimony becomes a commercial undertaking, in which custom even requires woman to appear not to seek to enter. Worst of all, when the task which she must not seek has found her, her usual reward is only food, lodging, and clothing, the mere necessities of existence.

It may be that in this case woman can be left to answer woman. The assumed victim of masculine tyranny and domestic slavery can reject the proffered rescue of a needless champion. But the humble husband could make a retort, did his chivalry permit. When he acquired a wife, he assumed the burden of self-denial. It was his to renounce many a little luxury and mild diversion, while at the same time increasing the energy applied to work. But of this the man worthy of the name makes no complaint. There is something in his view that the woman sociologist does not take into account, because it is beyond her ken. That is that the wages of matrimony is happiness, not to be weighed in the scales of the laboratory nor to be measured in sordid dollars and cents. The true companionship that underlies wedded bliss does not calculate to a miserly nicety the exact share of mutually glad contribution.

Mr. Charles Warren Fairbanks has been re-elected a trustee of Ohio Wesleyan College. And yet there are people who insist that a term as Vice President finishes up a statesman's career.

An exchange waxes wroth that "Cuba is not even permitted to borrow money in her own way." Well, Cuba is no worse off than the average human being in respect to that.

The Persian revolutionists say the ex-Shah was "fired." The ex-Shah says he "resigned." Everybody agrees that he is out, however.

Dr. Elliot's proposed new religion is not taking like wild fire, somehow. The sum of opinion seems to be that the old-time religion is good enough for us. What is needed is a little closer attention to its precepts.

"Seeing his distress, Mr. Roosevelt shot the beast on his return," says a press story from Africa. Oh—Dr. Long, is it all right to shoot a beast "on his return?"

married, we think their act, considering the locality, might have passed as something novel, but not actually illegal.

"It does not matter what the Panama Canal costs," begins the Toledo Blade. It seems to strike Congress that way, too.

The consumers in this country probably are not so much interested in free hides as they are in tougher hides.

"A man of Theodore Roosevelt's type is wanted for mayor of New York," says a Gothamite. Well, there does not seem to be but one of that type in sight, and he says he will not take the job.

By and by the Georgia legislature is going to make that State so good that nobody will want to live in it at all.

At present a trip across the English Channel in an airship is a sort of cross between a flight and a swim.

It is whispered that Mr. Reed Smoot is to be Senator Aldrich's successor as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee when the latter gentleman retires. It must be admitted that Mr. Smoot has made a most excellent understudy.

According to an enterprising newsgatherer, Gertrude Hoffman emerged from a recent police court trial "wearing a look of injured innocence. That is almost as much as she wears when rendering her 'Spring Song' specialty.

"Poor King Edward!" says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Why? All we see that he has to grieve about is that he is getting along in years. And he has certainly had a good run for his money.

An Ohio paper asserts that "the Buckeye State will have two candidates for the Presidency after Mr. Taft shall have ended his second term." Ohio seems to grow in modesty a little slower than any other State in the Union.

The big trusts are said to be "happy over the tariff schedules." Now, if the common people can only manage to wiggle along under them.

A current magazine has an article on "The Speed of the Stars." If it means the X-ray Goodwin kind, it deals with the blue-ribbons exclusively.

A retrospective view of Congress inclines one to think that the Senate of the United States needs nothing quite so much as a few more Senator Gores.

"What would happen if we were all tribunes?" inquires the Rome (Ga.) Tribune-Herald. We would all starve to death; nobody would work for a living, of course.

A Georgia solon wants all pistol-toters inside that State to wear tags reading, "I am loaded." The "blind tiger" proprietors probably would object seriously.

"Mr. Thaw is but little more patient and submissive than Albert Patrick," says the Richmond Times-Dispatch. But Mr. Patrick is decidedly more interesting.

When Senator Stone says, "Pork chops, and huckleberries," nowadays, they do say that "cullud pussies" move around right pert.

King Edward's recent combination costume—frock coat and soft felt hat—is said to have brought great joy to the heart of Senator Clapp. If only his majesty would appear at breakfast in a dress suit and make glad the heart of Mr. Keifer!

Paris has a school where women are taught how to smile—and smile, and smile, and be villainesses still, we suppose.

MEN IN PUBLIC VIEW.

Mr. Roosevelt's Temptation.  
From the Cleveland Leader.  
President Taft went for hunting in an automobile. This time T. B. to go whaling in an aeroplane.

Gov. Draper Enlisted.  
From the New York Sun.  
Gov. Draper has enlisted for the war—that is to say, he has announced that he will share Gen. Peew's fortunes during the seven days' fight.

Mr. Bailey Explains.  
From the Springfield Republican.  
Senator Bailey has been telling his "home folks" down in Texas since Congress adjourned why he voted for or against this, that, or the other thing.

Dr. Wiley and Pure Wine.  
From the New York Evening Post.  
The adulated is to be no very good reason why Dr. Wiley's crusade in favor of pure wine, as against the adulterated article, should not receive popular support.

The President's Qualities.  
From the New York Mail.  
If the President's handling of the census matter is any test of his general quality, we are in for an administration that will be efficient, human, and progressive.

Mr. Hitchcock and Patronage.  
From the Dallas News.  
The spectacle of Mr. Hitchcock standing behind the President's desk as he selected men who are to supervise the taking of the census in the Southern States is not altogether pleasant.

Mr. McCann's Prohibition Zeal.  
From the Charleston News and Courier.  
Attorney General McCann, of Tennessee, has offered to pay \$30 reward out of his own pocket for the first proof brought to him of the violation of the prohibition law by a white man.

Mr. Harriman's Immunity.  
From the New Haven Register.  
Mr. Harriman is returning from Munich unattended by the bells in the Gasten Wagon. Mr. Harriman's system did not respond thus slighly to the "immunity" bath which it received a few short years ago.

Mr. Taft and the Census.  
From the Philadelphia Press.  
The President's order prohibiting any census employee from taking part in politics in any political organization or sharing in any partisan action, except to cast his vote, completes the good work done when patronage and influence were removed from census appointments.

The State of the Case.  
From the Kansas City Post.  
The question is not how much prosperity the tariff will produce, but how much tariff the prosperity will stand.

MODERN POLOINIS TO SON.

Before you start upon your way to the fair I'll give you a little advice by day.  
Beyond the price you pay to live; Make no assertion, no proud boast; And till you must give up the ghost, Keep your love letters out of court.

Be not too soon an anchorite, Be glad to look and word and thought; The last that you should claim delight, Where pleasure may be fairly sought; Live so that when disasters fall You may have strength to hold the fort; But this advice take first of all: Keep your love letters out of court.

Be not a solemn anchorite, Be glad to look and word and thought; The last that you should claim delight, Where pleasure may be fairly sought; Live so that when disasters fall You may have strength to hold the fort; But this advice take first of all: Keep your love letters out of court.

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SO CYNICAL.  
Upon the woman's page we see, Next to receipts for brewing tea, Or stewing clams, Some copy by a girl-girl In which she daily doth unfurl Her epigrams.

She rails at marriage and love, And has a poor opinion of The social whirl. She may be right, but seems a sin To find such cynicism in A girl-girl.

A FOXY MOVE.  
"I summured in a small place where everybody played checkers, and I got a reputation as a champion, I can tell you." "I didn't know you could play checkers."

"I can't. So I only played one game." "Then how did you get the reputation of being a champion?" "I took twenty minutes for my first move."

Wouldn't Play.  
"Do you always try to keep a smiling about your daily duties?" "Not on the days when the boss feels grouchy."

Navigation.  
If hats get larger, will the bud A way to manage find? Or will she always have to scud Before the wind?

A Good Rule.  
"Every voter in this township goes to the polls." "How do you accomplish that?" "We enforce a rule that no voter who doesn't vote be allowed to do any kicking."

As It Really Happens.  
"Back from your two weeks, I see." "Yep." "I presume you got engaged a number of times?"

"Now, things don't go like that in real life, somehow. I got engaged the first week all right enough, but it took me all the second week to break it off."

Not Like Gotham.  
"And how do you like Plunkville?" "Seems a thriving village," admitted the urban visitor.

"I s'pose Plunkville ain't much like New York, though?" "Not much. Here you've got two buildings go up in Main street and nobody deserts business to watch the work of construction."

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S METHODS.  
One of Her Atrocious Deeds Is Now Basis of Search for Treasure.

From the Indianapolis News.  
Three hundred and twenty years ago, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of blessed memory, the Spanish Armada, broken and beaten by the English fleet, fled northward and around Scotland to meet with storm and wreck on the Scottish coast. One of the great ships, the Florida, more fortunate than others, found her way into the bay of Tobermory, on the Sound of Mull. The Spaniards, thinking themselves safe in these neutral waters, leisurely began repairing the damage done by the English fleet. Scottish visitors came to the vessel and were hospitably entertained.

News of these happenings came to Queen Elizabeth. She was advised there were costly stores and much money on the Florida. She determined the vessel should be destroyed and not be allowed to escape to Spain. The man chosen for the work of destruction was named Smollett, an ancestor, it is said, of the novelist. He was dressed in a Highland dress, he had no difficulty in going aboard the Florida. Watching his opportunity, he placed combustibles in the magazine, and shortly after he went ashore the ship blew up. Nearly all on board perished, including a number of Scottish visitors.

The vessel and the treasure were gone but not forgotten, for in this prosaic money-hungry age an effort is being made to recover the treasure buried so many years in the sands of Tobermory Bay.

Queen Elizabeth, not by any means always nice in her methods, as witness her participation in the murder of Mary, Queen of Scots, by this act did a most atrocious thing, as the law of nations should have been a protection to the Florida in this neutral port. This, an almost forgotten incident in history, would indicate that the title of "good Queen Bess" is hardly appropriate to this daughter of Henry VIII.

He Wasn't a Dnde.  
From the New York Tribune.  
Officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, up in the big headquarters at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, have many odd experiences with the wails and young misdeeds under their charge. None of the youngsters object to the quantity and quality of the food served in the roomy dining hall, and surprisingly few even protest against the compulsory bath, but draw the line at nightgowns. A few nights ago a particularly tough ganin refused absolutely to don a snowy slip when bedtime came. Argument and appeal on the part of attendants were in vain. The mother was sent for. "But why, Michael," she asked, "won't you draw the line at nightgowns? 'I ain't never wore one,' replied Mike, 'and I ain't agoin' to, neither. Chee, what would me gang think of me if I say I'd wore one o' dem things? Deyd' molder me when I got out. I ain't no dnde."

Nonstealable Watermelons.  
From the Baltimore Sun.  
If Mr. Burbank wants to do the white farmers a great service he will let the seeds alone and get to work on the invention of a stealable watermelon. If he can devise some method by which the melon will be fastened firmly to the vine, so that it cannot be separated until the owner comes along with the combination and unlocks it, he will revolutionize the melon industry. For under present conditions the melon is the most evanescent of fruits. Many a farmer finds that it is "here-to-day and gone-to-morrow." He knows that the colored man upholds his inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of watermelons. If Mr. Burbank will invent the stealable melon, the white planters of the South will rise up and call him blessed. They will shower fortune upon him, and at every melon feast his toast will be drunk in the best of hands.

A Fine Sagacity.  
From the Cleveland Leader.  
"Everybody says that Jones has the finest mind, insight, and sagacity he ever ran across. How did Jones get such a reputation?" "Easy. Whenever you make a statement he says, 'By Jove, that's so! Why didn't I ever think of that before?'"

Republicans and Democrats.  
From the Kansas City Star.  
"There are now," says Champ Clark, "as many kinds of Republicans as Democrats." There are three varieties of each—good, bad, and indifferent.

War Is—!  
From the New York Herald.  
Theoretical casualties in the Boston war game are expected to be very great and the actual destruction of beans will undoubtedly be appalling.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

Transportation in Alaska.  
Transportation is Alaska's greatest problem and need of its 580,000 square miles of territory, nearly 200,000 have been untouched by the explorer, yet in 1908 Alaska produced about \$19,000,000 of gold. Lack of transportation in the territory is the greatest factor keeping back its development. In these 580,000 square miles there are only 42 miles of wagon road, 35 miles of sled road, and 23 miles of railroad, a considerable portion of which is out of repair and 420, and only fifty miles of new road was built in 1908. The cost of transportation has made it impossible to work any but the richest of mineral deposits in many sections of the country. Supplies must be furnished the mining communities, and except in those remote camps where the gold deposits are extremely rich, difficulties of transportation make supplies prohibitive.

Uniform Food Laws.  
The National Association of Food Commissioners, representing various States, is to meet at Denver, August 23, and will consider a report upon a "model uniform pure food law." The national pure food law applies directly only to commerce passing State lines. A manufacturer could produce adulterated or deleterious goods, and not be under Federal supervision as long as he traded at home. Hence the need of supplementing State laws. But interstate and intrastate commerce being so inextricably intermingled, it is highly desirable to have the same regulations over both. Forty-six States cannot be induced to furnish a model for the nation to follow. So the nation sets up the model, and it is for the States to follow. What is chiefly needed is uniformity, so that a manufacturer trading in different States need not encounter illogical provisions.

Child Labor in England.  
A committee of the British board of education has learned that 170,000 children between the ages of twelve and fourteen have left school and are not receiving any kind of further instruction, and that out of a total of 2,500,000 children not yet seventeen years old, only one in four is striving after additional educational equipment. The natural result is that through lack of technical training countless thousands fail to acquire that knowledge of handicraft which would enable them to rise to higher levels in skilled employment, while the absence of technical training opportunities in impaired bodily powers and consequent poverty of self-control. Nor is that the worst aspect of the situation. Such are the conditions of modern industry that there is an increasing exploitation of boy and girl labor during the years of adolescence.

German Corporation Taxes.  
The new corporation tax in the United States induces comparison with that of Germany. That country makes special levies on the companies having their securities listed upon the stock exchange. Just as a slight addition to existing taxes, it was proposed to connect with the revenue bill this year that a special yearly tax be placed on listed stocks, the assessment being in proportion to the average market price. For the Deutsche Bank, with a capital of \$48,000,000, this single tax would have been \$330,000 last year. This particular device was dropped, but substitutes almost as onerous were found. Hereafter all stocks must pay a 3 per cent tax when first listed on the exchanges. Bonds are taxed one-half of 1 per cent on listing. The mere right to have a "ten-year coupon sheet" issued in connection with the bonds—the regular German way of making interest payments—involves a 1 per cent tax. To make an investment of \$50,000 in stocks on the exchange costs the investor for his government tax alone about \$4 on each such transaction.

Railway Drinking Cups.  
War upon the insatiable drinking cup in railway cars has been declared by the State board of health of New Jersey, which has asked companies operating lines in that State to discard glass cups and supply cups of paper, to be thrown away after use. These could either be supplied free, which would not be a heavy tax on the railroads, or provided for a cent by a slot machine. Certainly, it is taking chances to drink out of a public cup, and the wise traveler already goes provided, sometimes with a pocket cup, sometimes with a pocket flask. For the greatest risk of travel in these not quite civilized times is what is drunk by the wayside. Sanitary drinking cups are good, but a guaranteed water supply would be better yet.

Congested Populations.  
A report upon the congestion of population in New York City makes that metropolis sadly pre-eminent in unsanitary and overcrowded housing, with Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Cleveland following in the order named. The committee has chosen the basis of density of population, by the block, rather than by the ward, as the most accurate exemplifying the measure of overcrowding. In a single Philadelphia block there were found 104 single-room "housekeeping apartments," in five, seven people to a room cooked, slept, and lived. Living in this manner, it was found in almost one-half of the 104 there were four or more persons to the room. The evil conditions in our cities are accentuated by the vast number of immigrants which our cities are vainly endeavoring to digest. The situation calls for vigorous enforcement of tenement regulations.

On the Diamond.  
From the Columbia Jester.  
Catcher—Here comes a spit ball.  
Batter—Well, watch me lace it.  
Catcher—It don't need lacin'.  
Batter—It will when I'm through with it.

What She Needed.  
From the Cleveland Leader.  
"Papa, the stuff I want my new bathing suit made of costs \$10 a yard." "Well, here's \$150—get what you want, my dear."

Not a Part of Speech.  
From the Pathfinder.  
Tommy—Pa, what part of speech is woman?  
Father—Woman isn't a part of speech at all, my son; she's the whole thing.

He Is.  
From the Cleveland Fish Dealer.  
"Is Pukington still working at his perpetual motion?" "If you mean the motion that lifts a glass from the bar to his mouth, he is."

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

The maiden watched by her cottage door for her lover, who came to her side no more. Such stories as this have the poets told, since the world was young that is now grown old, and the maids forsaken all drooped and died, and over their couches the bleak winds sighed; or, peradventure, they lived for years, and sloshed around ankle deep in tears, leading a life that was sad and strange, like Mary Ann in her Moated Grange. Oh, bushels of stories like this are found, of maidens poisoned and maidens drowned, or maidens brooding in darkened halls, with tumbling turrets and moldy walls; and ghosts of maidens whose loves broke up, are thick as fleas on a yellow pup. The maiden watched by her cottage door for her lover, who came to her side no more; and she did not rail, and she did not scoff, but gently murmured: "The stuff is off! I've drawn a lemon in my bold knight; for breach of promise I'll cinch him tight. So off I'll hie to the court alone, and soak him for many a golden botle!"

WALT MASON.  
(Copyright, 1909, by George Matthew Adams.)

MORAL AND LEGAL HONESTY.

A Distinction Which Some Men Are Unable to Make.  
From the Wall Street Journal.

John D. Rockefeller is quoted in one of the Sunday papers as having said: "When a man has accumulated a sum of money within the year, that is to say, in a really honest way, the people no longer have any right to share in the earnings resulting from that accumulation."

It is a striking characteristic of a man of strict personal morality that he has never been able to see the difference between legal honesty and moral honesty. It is also the methods whereby the Standard Oil combination and all which it implies were created as being "legally honest." They were certainly morally indefensible.

Here is the remarkable case of a man who is a good husband and father, benevolent along large lines, personally humane, pious rather than religious, in many ways a most desirable citizen; who yet cannot see that there is anything morally wrong in an action which the law does not punish. It would be impossible, moreover, to make Mr. Rockefeller see the difference, and that not from any forwardness or prejudice on his part, but from a kind of moral myopia which blinds him to facts most of us find self-evident.

It is probable that the law does not directly influence, sanction, or control money. It per se the action of a man's life. They are apart from the law and beyond its reach. The law cannot make a man moral or even honest, and he may break the rules of morality and honesty in many ways without coming within reach of a statute.

But Mr. Rockefeller says that the people have no right to share in the earnings of "legally honest" accumulations. It will astonish that worthy gentleman to hear it, but that is the fact. The accumulation was made with the sanction and under the protection of the law. It could not have been even "legally honest" save that society made it legally possible. So far from owing anything to the people Mr. Rockefeller owes everything, after a fair deduction for his very fine brains and administrative ability. This is not socialism. It is the practical working law of good morals in the relation of society to the individual and the reciprocal obligation of the individual to society.

It is curious that the richer a man gets the more he hates paying taxes. Mr. Rockefeller does not want to pay an income tax. No doubt he would not be the richest man in America now if he had not made it his rule through life to pay out as little of that kind of money as possible. This is all his argument really amounts to, but we do not need a lawyer for a curious piece of self-revelation. It shows us a sincere desire to do well, accompanied by a moral conception hardly more than embryonic.

A GOOD INVESTMENT IN DOG.

This One Cost a Dollar, and He Was Well Worth It.  
From the New York Times.

A man in a near-by city bought for his wife and child a year ago a dog, for which he paid a dollar. It was obviously nothing wonderful in the canine way—merely a mongrel, with bulldog strain predominant. The owner was a man in humble circumstances, and the dog in his modest dwelling was the principal asset, aside from a few sticks of furniture.

The other night Tom was told to the leg of the kitchen sink as usual and the family went to bed. They were awakened by the dog at midnight scratching at his master's door. When his master came out to see what was the matter, the dog, with a remnant of chewed rope hanging from his collar, whined and ran to the head of the stairway. The house was on fire, and shortly after woman and child and man and dog made their escape, their poor dwelling was a mass of glowing embers.

The owner of the dog has been urged to part with him for a large cash consideration; but, though he is penniless, he will not part with the four-footed savior of his family; neither has the dog at any time thought of leaving them for luxurious kennels.

Tribute to Lee.  
From the Orono Evening Monitor.

Bronze statues of George Washington and Robert E. Lee—Virginia's contributions to the nation's "Hallowed Names"—were on Tuesday last placed in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington. Gen. Lee's memory deserves high honor from the State of Virginia, and this is the greatest tribute which that great Commonwealth can pay to this man who sacrificed so much for her. Lincoln well knew his high standing before the South; how he was being sought for as the one soldier, long in the service and skilled in arms, who would be to the great conspiracy as great and resourceful a leader in the coming war as Washington had been in the struggle for independence. The beautiful estate of Arlington, which had come to Lee's family from his father, Washington, overlooked the city of Washington with a watchful eye. From this splendid place, the center of a social circle never surpassed, the call of his sovereign State had more weight than that of the nation. "No man knew better than did Robert E. Lee the proportions of the great debt he owed to the nation. It was a matter of judgment solely with his. His decision, after much of the most intense mental struggle, was that "Duty done is the soul's paradise." The standard of his life. And this high standard he maintained throughout our long and bitterly contested civil war, with cost to both sides not less than a million lives and untold miseries to those widowed and orphaned.

Not a Part of Speech.  
From the Pathfinder.

Tommy—Pa, what part of speech is woman?  
Father—Woman isn't a part of speech at all, my son; she's the whole thing.

He Is.  
From the Cleveland Fish Dealer.

"Is Pukington still working at his perpetual motion?" "If you mean the motion that lifts a glass from the bar to his mouth, he is."

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

The maiden watched by her cottage door for her lover, who came to her side no more. Such stories as this have the poets told, since the world was young that is now grown old, and the maids forsaken all drooped and died, and over their couches the bleak winds sighed; or, peradventure, they lived for years, and sloshed around ankle deep in tears, leading a life that was sad and strange, like Mary Ann in her Moated Grange. Oh, bushels of stories like this are found, of maidens poisoned and maidens drowned, or maidens brooding in darkened halls, with tumbling turrets and moldy walls; and ghosts of maidens whose loves broke up, are thick as fleas on a yellow pup. The maiden watched by her cottage door for her lover, who came to her side no more; and she did not rail, and she did not scoff, but gently murmured: "The stuff is off! I've drawn a lemon in my bold knight; for breach of promise I'll cinch him tight. So off I'll hie to the court alone, and soak